

## At Six Months

We are in the channel, rounding the fingers  
of Sucia Island, looking for a place to pull in.

Three bald eagles lift from the rocks  
as our boat spins by, slows to watch them.

Today, we have been watched by harbor seals,  
eyeing my sister's belly—round as their own.

I imagine Irish fishermen, telling their children  
how those large wet eyes were part human,

seal people who could slip from their skins on land.  
My sister's bellybutton is disappearing, her skin

stretches and grows taut, smooth. Her hands rest there  
like nested birds, rise to push her hair from her eyes.

I move my hand to feel the kicking, but all  
is still. Soon, this roundness will fall away,

she will wear skin slightly large, newly drawn on.  
Near midnight, we see flashes of light

from the porch, drive to the water's edge to watch  
the sky. But it is a false alarm of northern lights—

only heat lightning reaching into the Sound.  
The sky is restless and ablaze.

Brittney Corrigan  
From *Navigation* (The Habit of Rainy Nights Press, 2012)